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Oh, how excited they all are, even the babies! They play merry games, in which father and mother join. At last they form a ring, each one holding a little basket. They sing a low, sweet song to St. Nicholas. Soon a loud knocking is heard. Father says softly, "Come in!" The door opens; there stands St. Nicholas. He says, "Children, I greet you all!" Then he tells each one to be polite. Some should be more kind and generous. Some should work hard. He seems to know about all the things each one has done since his last visit. He tells them that in the morning they will find out that he has really been there. Then he says, "Farewell!" and throws a great shower of sugar-plums to the children. They fill their little baskets with them.

Soon they all rush to another room,

where there is a table covered with a white cloth. Every one, from grandfather to baby, lays a shoe upon it. Then they go out and the door is locked.

Early next morning mother unlocks the door of the room. What a beautiful sight it is! Every shoe is filled to overflowing, and beside each shoe is another heap. There are toys and trinkets of every kind. There are toy cats that move, dogs that bark, and sheep that bleat. There are drums, trumpets, bright skates, dolls, and many books. But what is that? One of the boys finds a switch; he blushes and puts it out of the way. What do you suppose that means? I will leave you to guess.

For the rest of the day each one does as he wishes. Some read, while others play with their new toys.

Kindergarten

Anne Elizabeth Allen

"Not what we give, but what we share."

Immediately after Thanksgiving our thoughts will be turned to Christmas and to finding our places in the great crowd of joy-givers. The blessedness of giving will be realized by even the smallest child when he finds himself equal to the making of the simple little objects planned for him as presents for others. These presents, however small and unpretentious, will be so designed as to come within the ability of all, and will become more complicated only when we feel certain that the skill of the children who are to make them is fully adequate to their completion. Only then will each feel that he can honestly present the gifts as his own work; only then will the Christmas spirit be genuine and satisfying in its influence.

A large tree will be decorated for the parents of the school by the kindergarten and used as one of the decorations in the Assembly Hall.

Another and smaller one will be decorated and made ready for some less fortunate people than ourselves, for which presents of toys, books, fruit, candy, and clothing will be solicited by the children themselves, committees of whom will be appointed in order to insure effective work.

The real significance of Christmas will be shown, as well as the Santa Claus spirit of jollity and fun, and its history in art, story, and music will be made prominent. Pictures celebrating the festival will be selected as decoration for the walls during the holiday season.

Subject—Christmas and its obligations.

All the things that Christmas brings, snow and ice, sleighing, bare trees, empty nests, presents, Santa Claus.

2. Our obligations; our happiness makes that of others; our part in the Christmas happiness.

Stories: Story of St. Christopher; Simple Story of the Birth of Christ; Santa Claus and his Cat; *The Night Before Christmas*.

Songs: *In Another Land and Time*, Smith's Songs, Part I; *The Story of the Christ*, Hill's Songs; *Christmas Carol*, Gaynor Songs; *A Letter to Santa Claus*, Gaynor Songs.

Rhythm: Bouncing of balls. A more marked precision in marching and simple skipping.

Games: Santa Claus and his reindeer. Snow-balling.

Materials: Large blocks, clay, paints, cardboard, and zephyr. Chamois skin, colored papers, raffia or vegetable fiber.

Large blocks: Building sleighs, stables, etc. Clay modeling: Sleighs, reindeer, toys. Cardboard, zephyrs, chamois skin, colored papers, and raffia: Making Christmas presents.

St. Christopher

A long time ago in a far-off country there lived a very strong man—so strong that people called him a giant—so strong that as he walked through the woods on his travels he would pull up a small tree to use as a staff.

This giant left his home, where he did not seem to be much needed, and started out to find a great king whom he might serve.

As he traveled he searched. One told him of a king whom they thought great, but he ate too much and was a miserable glutton. The giant said, "No; my king must be a better man than this." Another told him of a king worthy to serve, but he found this king selfish and more fond of pleasure than of his people. Still another he found to be a coward who would hurt people not as strong as himself. And the

giant grew discouraged; he had almost given up finding a king worthy of his service and love, when one day in going through the woods he came to a little hut where lived a hermit, a man who lived all alone and tried to serve God by prayer and fasting. To him the giant told his trouble and asked for help.

The hermit said: "I know the king whom you can love and serve and who needs you. He is the king of love and in order to serve him, his people have to cross a wide and deep river. They need a strong man to carry them across, and you could do this."

The giant thought, "What a poor way to serve a great king," and asked, "How shall I know that I am serving him?"

"When you see that dry and withered staff in your hand grow green with buds and leaves, then you will know," said the hermit.

Off went the giant, not glad, but willing to do his best, although it seemed such an easy thing to do compared to the difficult task he wanted to do. By the side of the river he built himself a hut, and there he was always ready for the people who wanted to be carried over. Men, women, and little children came, and day after day and night after night the giant carried them back and forth. He was always glad when the little children needed his help, for he loved them, and joyfully carried them up out of the way of the water and tenderly set them down on the other side.

One night as the wind was howling around his little hut and the rain was beating against it, he thought as he lay in his warm bed he heard a voice calling:

"Come! come, and carry me over the water!"

It was such a bitter night that he tried to make himself believe it was just the moan of the wind he heard and not a voice calling; but soon he heard very

clearly the voice calling again: "Come! come and carry me over the water!"

This time he got up, put on his stout coat, and taking his staff in his hand went out. On the bank of the river he found a little child, very thinly dressed, asking to be carried across the deep, dark water. Taking him gently in his arms, the giant stepped with him into the river.

At first the child had seemed very light, but as he went farther he became heavier and heavier. The poor giant's back bent beneath the child's weight. Could he reach the other shore with him? He struggled on, feeling each moment that he must give up. On he went, however, until at last, worn out, he reached the shore and sank with his burden on the ground.

He saw a light, and looking up, behold! it came from the head of the child. Trembling with fear and amazement, he grasped his staff for support, and found it had blossomed into leaves and was no longer a dry stick, but fresh and green.

The little child said, "Christopher—for such your name shall be—every man, woman, and child you have carried over this river you have carried for me. I am

the king you serve, and long and well have you served me."

Christopher knelt in wonder before the beautiful vision, and knew in his great joy and happiness that at last he had found the king he sought.

ANNE ELIZABETH ALLEN.

St. Christopher

So strong he was, so true and bold,
All people loved him, young and old.
Across the river, dark and wide,
He carried them from side to side—
Did Christopher, the brave.

His king he loved, his king he served
Through weather cold; nor ever swerved
From work that cost him toil and pain,
From work that showed so little gain—
This Christopher, the brave.

May little children serve this king
As Christopher did, and to him bring
Just what they have that's best and true
To give unto the king he knew—
St. Christopher, the brave.

ANNE ELIZABETH ALLEN.

First Grade

Harriet T. B. Atwood

Manual Training and Industrial Art—
Christmas Work: The sloyd work and industrial art for December will consist of the making of Christmas gifts. The spirit of giving which should characterize the ideal Christmas can be entered into by the child in no other way quite so well as in the actual making of the gifts for those he loves. The powerful influence which a beautiful motive exerts is illustrated by the energy and patience

with which the child strives for accuracy, neatness, and beauty in such work.

As much originality as possible will be encouraged in the making of gifts. The children will first plan the article chosen and draw a pattern of it on the blackboard. They will then criticise their own work, and after more careful measurement, will correct their drawings. The plan will then be made upon paper, and when this working plan is sufficiently accurate each child will be pro-